

The Mirror

OF

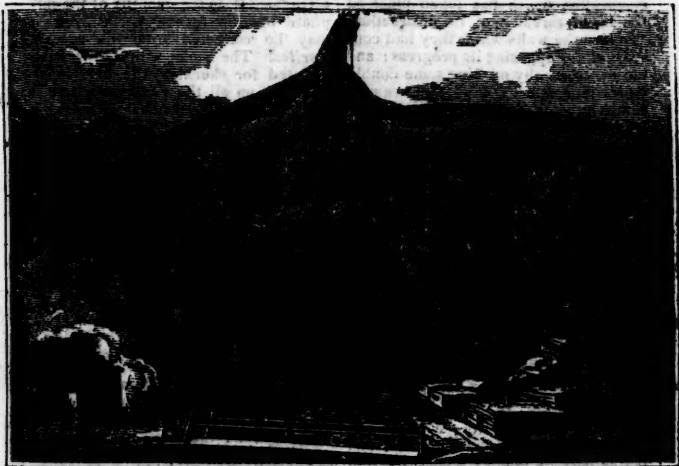
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XLIII.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1823.

[Price 2d.]

Copper Mine at Fahlun.



THE Copper-Mine of Fahlun, in Delecarlia, is much celebrated. It is an enormous crater, shaped like a sugar-loaf, with its point downwards; the same shape having been that of the natural deposit of the *pyritous copper*, here found. The base of this enormous conical mass of ore, lying upwards towards the surface, was the first part worked. As the galleries for its excavation were necessarily extensive, and the props for supporting the roofs of the different chambers, consisting often of valuable ore, were, of course, left as sparingly as possible, it happened, from the avidity and carelessness of the workmen, that there was not enough left to sustain the pressure of the superincumbent matter towards the surface; and, consequently, in the year 1666, the whole of the upper part of the mine, that is to say, of the base of the inverted cone, fell in, and gave rise to the open crater we are now describing. The sides of this crater being variously coloured by the exhalations from the mine and the action of the air upon its sides, added to the volumes of smoke and vapour rising from the bot-

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tom, give it the resemblance of the *Neapolitan solfaterra*: but the depth of the Fahlun crater is much more considerable; there is more of vastness in all that belongs to it; and the singular appearance caused by regular stair-cases, traversing its whole extent, from the lip of this immense basin to its lowest point at the bottom, renders it altogether a sight in which we may vainly seek for points of similitude, in order to compare it with other works. At the bottom of this crater, at the depth of forty fathoms from the surface, various openings lead to the different levels and places of further descent into the mine; which, according to the notion prevalent among the miners, were originally opened in immemorial ages. It would be very curious, certainly, if it were possible, to ascertain in what period the works were begun; and with what nation the Swedes traded with their copper, after the mine became productive. Its original discovery is lost in obscurity and fable.

The heat of the Fahlun mine is so great, that it becomes intolerable to a stranger who has not undergone the

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proper degree of seasoning which enables a miner to sustain it. But then there are causes which tend greatly to increase the natural temperature: prodigious fires are frequently kindled, and at a very considerable depth in the mine, for the purpose of softening the rocks previously to the application of gunpowder: add to this, the terrible combustion which has taken place in the mine, threatening its destruction. We saw the walls which they had constructed for opposing its progress; and the overseers, by opening some double doors placed in these walls, gave us a transient view of the fire itself, that was at this time menacing with its ravages the whole of these ancient and valuable works. The sight we had of it was short; because the fumes of sulphur were so powerful, that we found it impossible to remain many seconds within the apertures. By rushing, in for an instant, we saw enough to convince us what the fate of the mine would be, if the devouring element were not thus pent, and held in subjection by the smothering nature of its own exhalations. The moment any air was admitted from the doors, and the vapours were thereby partially dispersed, whole beds of pyritous matter appeared in a state of ignition; the fire itself becoming visible: but our torches were extinguished almost instantaneously, and it was only by holding a piece of cloth before the mouth and nostrils that we could venture beyond the second door. If this conflagration should extend to a greater depth, the mine would be destroyed by the fumes alone; as it would become impossible to proceed with the works in the midst of its exhalations. A miner, lately, in advancing unguardedly and with too much precipitation towards the ignited matter, to ascertain the extent of it, fell dead, being suffocated, as was the elder Pliny, and in a similar way.

The accident which set the mine thus on fire, occurred a few years ago. Some men attempting to steal a quantity of the sulphate of iron, with which the mine abounds, on being disturbed, fled, leaving their torches burning, by which means combustion took place amongst the timber of the works, which communicated to the *pyrites*, and has continued ever since, in spite of all the endeavours made for its extinction. At this time it was thought that the progress of the fire had been checked; but the mine sent forth sulphureous fumes, like a volcano, and it was greatly to be feared that the conflagration might ex-

tend to the lower part of the works, when the mine would inevitably be destroyed. Mr. Gahn, however, surprised us, by stating, that, notwithstanding all the disadvantages consequent upon this fire, if they can succeed in arresting its progress, and keeping it, as it were, under some kind of dominion, very considerable profit would arise from it, in the quantity of the sulphate of iron (green vitriol), which may be collected from the roasted *pyrites*. The mode which they have adopted for checking the fire, is by stopping up all the passages where it is found spreading, by means of a double wall, leaving only as much air as may be necessary to support combustion, in those chambers where its continuance may prove advantageous.

Our engraving of this mine is copied from a view in the last volume of Dr. Clarke's Travels, recently published.

THE HABITATION OF INSECTS. (For the Mirror.)

"Each moss,
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds
a rank
Important in the plan of Him who fram'd
The scale of beings; holds a rank,
which lost
Would break the chain, and leave a
gap
That Nature's self would rue!"

Some insects live only in watery places, appearing occasionally on the surface of that element; they very rarely plunge themselves in, or if they fall in, either rise again immediately to the surface or perish. Others live only in water, and cannot subsist out of it. Many, after having lived in the water while in the larva and pupa state, come out afterwards with wings, and become entirely terrestrial. Some undergo all their transformations in the water, and then become amphibious. Others again are born and grow in the water, but remain during the pupa state on dry land, and after they attain their perfect form live equally in air and water. There are some who live at the same time occasionally both in the water and on land, and which, after their transformation, cease to be aquatic.

Among the insects which remain on the superficies of the water, are some spiders which run with great address and agility, without moistening their feet or their body. There are aquatic cimices which swim or rather run on the water with great velocity, and by

troops, as may be often seen on the surface of still water. Some walk slowly on the surface, others swiftly and in circles. Some tribes prefer stagnant waters, others those of a purer nature, and we have instances of certain insects which inhabit, with perfect convenience, springs of a warm and mineral nature. At the baths of Abano, in the Venetian states, is a spring of this description, impregnated with sulphur, in which small water beetles are seen swimming about, and which die on being taken out and plunged into cold water. The willow and the oak, and numbers of different plants, are the natural habitation of insects in great abundance. Some live on the roots, others in the wood; in the leaves, and in galls formed therein; in flowers; in fruit; and in grain. Some caterpillars form a kind of hammock, in which they eat and go through their various changes; while others construct a tent, under which they live till they have consumed the surrounding herbs, when they leave their abodes and pitch their tents (like Gypsies) in another spot, where they can find abundance. There is a species of spider found in Jamaica, which burrows in the earth like a rabbit; it is of a size very far surpassing the largest of the European spiders, and is not uncommon there. This creature forms a hole 12 or 15 inches deep, of a cylindrical shape, rather more than an inch in diameter, and which it lines with a thick coat to prevent the earth from tumbling in. The aperture is closed with a kind of lid or door attached by a single hinge, and which opens outward by falling down and shutting the aperture by its own gravity. Into this the spider retires with its prey, and devours it in safety, as few insects can penetrate into its cells. These nests or cases form a complete habitation, should the sands in which they are constructed give way; Pope says,

"Who taught the nations of the fields
and wood

To shun their poison, and to chuse their
food?

Prescient, the tides or tempests to with-
stand,

Build on the wave, or arch beneath the
sand."

The termites, or white ants, live in societies, each of which is composed of some thousand individuals, all of whom are accommodated in the same habitation. Their structures are of a pyramidal form, rising to the height of ten

or twelve feet, and covering no inconsiderable extent of ground at the base. They usually build on the plains several contiguous to each other, and from their size and form may sometimes be mistaken at a distance for the huts of the natives. These nests are common all over the island of Bananas. Many insects associate together all their lives, others only for a certain period. Those who live together proceed from the same moth who deposited the eggs near each other, or laid them in a heap, and thus formed a kind of nest. These are generally hatched about the same time, and live together, forming a kind of republic. A vast number of others live in animal substances of every kind. Others remain under ground part of their life, but quit that situation after their change.

P. T. W.

ON THE MODES OF DRESS.

(For the Mirror.)

It was formerly the fashion in France to wear point lace upon the shoes; and no man of distinction could possibly appear in polite circles who had not at least two yards and a quarter of it on each shoe; but as this was not enough, some elegant *petits-maitres* were increasing the quantity to such a degree, that King Charles V. was obliged to publish a positive law to forbid the wearing of any lace upon the shoes: this mode in France was contemporary with the introduction of the long peaked shoe into England, where the gentlemen had the point of it fastened to their leg with a gold chain; and those who could not purchase gold used silver, or ribands. The frequent changes in the fashion of the coat made the Czar Peter the Great say, when he was in France and England, that the nobility must have been plaguily angry with their tailors for changing them so often; for his majesty thought that the change in the coat was the effect of the change of the tailor, and not of the fashion. There are modes originated with the view to hide some imperfection. Thus the hoop-petticoat was invented by a woman, not to say a queen, to conceal the fruits of indiscreet love: patches were first used to conceal pimples, or ulcers: and a few centuries ago large quilted shoes were first worn by an Earl of Anjou, who having a lump on one of his feet took this method to conceal it: as he was a prince of the blood, all France imitated him; and Europe, imitating France, soon adopted the same kind of shoe. It seems little

known whence the almost general practice arose among all nations, of boring the ears for the suspension of those ornaments usually attached to that indispensable organ. The oddity and variety of custom is equally apparent in the different manner of dressing the head. Some, as the Turks, cut off the hair of the head, (and not unfrequently cut off the head as well as the hair); thus, as the generality of Europeans wear their own or borrowed hair, savages carefully preserve the hair of the head, and the negroes shave their head as the Monks sometimes do. Each people in this respect has a different usage; some set a greater stress on the beard of the upper lip than on that of the chin; others prefer that of the cheeks and the chin; some keep it curled or frizzed, others wear it smooth: but the unshaven lip lately introduced in the new military regulations of our Horse Guards, would, in the mind's eye, be "more honoured in the breach than the observance." It is not long since we wore the hair of the head combed behind and flowing on the shoulders. The implements of our dress are different from those of our forefathers: the variety in the manner of clothing is as great as the diversity of nations, and what is singular is, that of all sorts of apparel, we have made choice of one of the most inconvenient, that is, the French fashion, which, though generally imitated by all the people of Europe, is, at the same time, of all the ways of cloathing, that which requires most time, and seems less suitable to nature. There is another thing men have generally in view, and this is to make their body appear taller and broader. Not satisfied with the narrow space whereby our being is circumscribed, we are desirous to occupy more room in this world than nature allows us; we endeavour to aggrandize our figure by high-heeled shoes and projecting garments; and, how ample soever they may be, is not the vanity that covers them still greater?

Every thing that is rare and brilliant will be, therefore, the fashion, as long as men study to procure more advantages from opulence than virtue, and as long as the means of appearing considerable are so different from what alone deserves to be considered. External splendour depends much on the manner of cloathing, and that manner assumes different forms, according to the different points of view we have a mind to view them in. The modest man, or he who would appear so, is desirous of

specifying that virtue by the plainness of his apparel; whereas the vain-glorious man neglects nothing that can buoy up his pride or flatter his vanity, and, therefore, courts ostentation from the richness or rarity of his ornaments.

F. R.—Y.

The Sketch Book.

No. VII.

THE MODERN BRAVO.

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING, OF THE CALEDONIAN CHURCH.

And here, first, I would try these flush and flashy spirits with their own weapons, and play a little with them at their own game. They do but prate about their exploits at fighting, drinking, and death-despising. I can tell them of those who fought with savage beasts; yea, of maidens, who durst enter as coolly as a modern bully into the ring, to take their chance with infuriated beasts of prey; and I can tell them of those who drank the molten lead as cheerfully as they do the juice of the grape, and handled the red fire, and played with the bickering flames as gaily as they do with love's dimples or woman's amorous tresses. And what do they talk of war? Have they forgot Cromwell's iron-band, who made their chivalry to skip? or the Scots Cameronians, who seven times, with their Christian chief, received the thanks of Marlborough, that first of English captains? or Gustavus of the North, whose camp sung Psalms in every tent? It is not so long, that they should forget Nelson's Methodists, who were the most trusted of that hero's crew. Poor men, they know nothing who do not know out of their country's history, who it was that set at nought the wilfulness of Henry VIII. and the sharp rage of the virgin Queen against liberty, and bore the black cruelty of her popish sister; and presented the petition of rights, and the bill of rights, and the claim of rights. Was it chivalry? was it blind bravery? No; these second-rate qualities may do for a pitched field, or a fenced ring; but when it comes to death or liberty, death or virtue, death or religion, they wax dubious, generally bow their necks under hardship, or turn their backs for a bait of honour, or a mess of solid and substantial meat. This chivalry and brutal bravery can fight if you feed them well and bribe them well, or set them well on edge; but in the midst of hunger and nakedness, and want and per-

secution, in the day of a country's direst need, they are cowardly, treacherous, and of no avail.

Oh these toppers, these gamesters, these idle revellers, these hardened death-despisers! they are a nation's disgrace, a nation's downfall. They devour the seed of virtue in the land; they feed on virginity, and modesty, and truth. They grow great in crime, and hold a hot war with the men of peace. They sink themselves in debt; they cover their families with disgrace; they are their country's shame. And will they talk about being their country's crown, and her rock of defence? They have in them a courage of a kind such as Catiline and his conspirators had. They will plunge in blood for crowns and gaudy honours, or, like the bolder animals, they will set on with brutal courage, and, like all animals, they will lift up an arm of defence against those who do them harm. But their soul is consumed with wantonness, and their steadfast principles are dethroned by error; their very frames, their bones and sinews, are effeminated and degraded by vice and dissolute indulgences.

THE ANGLER.—No. VII.

TROUT.

Trout is considered as one of the finest river fish that this country can produce. Its colours are beautifully varied at different seasons of the year, and according to the rivers it frequents.

They abound in the generality of our streams, rivers and lakes, and are usually angled for with an artificial fly. Their weight also differs from half a pound to three; some few have been caught which weighed upwards of four pounds. Trout are extremely voracious: and, by their activity and eagerness, afford famous diversion to the angler. They are remarkable for coming to their size quicker than any other fish, though they fatten slow; as also for being very short lived. They die when taken out of water sooner than any other with which we are acquainted. Previous to their spawning, they are observed to force a passage through weirs and flood-gates against the stream; and how they are enabled to overcome some of these impediments, is a subject of much conjecture. Their general time of shedding their spawn is about October or November; in some rivers, however, it is much sooner, in others later. They are also met with in eddies, where they remain concealed

from observation behind a stone, or log, or a bank that projects into the stream; during the latter part of the summer, they are frequently caught in a mill-tail, and sometimes under the hollow of a bank, or the roots of a tree.

In angling for trout, there are many things worthy of particular observation: 1st. That the day on which the sport is undertaken, be a little windy, or partially overcast, and the south wind is superior to all others if it do not too much disturb your tackle. 2d. The sportsman should remain as far as possible from the stream, fish it downwards, the line never touching the water, as the agitation proceeding from the fall might disturb the fish, and preclude all possibility of capturing them. 3d. Clear streams are famous for sport, and in fishing in them, a small fly with slender wings must be attached to the hook. When the water is thick, and the sight more imperfect from this disadvantage, a larger species of bait must of necessity be used. 4th. The line should, on an average, be about twice as long as the rod, unless in cases of emergency, when the number and variety of trees exclude the probability of a successful throw, if at any distance. 5th. Let the fly be made to suit the season. After a shower, when the water becomes of a brown appearance, the most killing bait is the orange fly; in a clear day, the light coloured fly; and on a gloomy day, in overshadowed streams, a dark fly. It is hardly necessary to add, that the angler, particularly in fly-fishing for trout, cannot be too quick in perception, or too active in striking on the first rise of the fish.

The trout may be caught at the top, the middle, or the bottom of the water. In angling for him at the top, with a natural fly, use the green drake and the stone fly; but these two only during the months of May and June. The mode of fishing in this way is called dipping, and is thus performed. If there be little or no wind to disturb your tackle, and agitate the surface of the stream, make use of a line half the length of the rod. If there be a wind, increase the length of the line by one half. Let the line fly up or down the river, according to the direction of the wind, and when you are aware of the rise of a fish, guide the fly over him, as in case of striking him.—You have no length of line with which to weary him; the capture must be effected by main force; and if the tackle is sufficiently strong to resist the struggles of the fish, the angler, after a short contest, may insure himself a tri-

umph. Trout-angling, at mid-water, is effected by means of a small minnow, or with a caddis, grub, or any other species of worm. In angling with a minnow, the moderately sized, and whitest ones, will be found to be the most killing bait. It should be placed upon a large hook, to enable it to turn about when drawn against the stream; consequently the hook should be inserted in the mouth, and drawn out of the gills, or perhaps three or four inches beyond it would be necessary. It should be again drawn through the mouth with the point to the tail of the minnow; this finished, the hook and bait should be tied neatly together, by which means the evolutions of the bait will be more effectually, and at the same time more naturally performed. The slack of the line should then be pulled back, so that the body shall be nearly straight on the hook. If the minnow do not turn nimbly enough for your purpose, let the bait be moved a little to the right or to the left, as occasion shall direct; which process, by inlaying the orifice made in the body of the minnow, will greatly facilitate its movements. Some have preferred the loach, as a bait, to the minnow; by those who are nice in these matters, the same precautions in attaching it should be scrupulously observed. In angling with a worm or caddis, a cork float and the finest kind of tackle must necessarily be made use of, as the success of the young practitioner, in this enchanting amusement, will greatly depend on his choice of articles. In muddy waters the lob-worm is considered the best bait; in clear streams, the brandling: the first is generally used for large trout; the second, where smaller ones are expected.

There are two methods of angling at bottom, either with a cork, or any other kind of float, or with the hand. The best way of angling with the hand, is by means of a ground bait, and a long line, which should have no more than one hair next the hook, and just above it one small spot for a plumb; the hook should be small, and the brandling well secured, and only one fastened on at a time; thus the worm must always be kept in motion, and drawn towards the person who is fishing. The best mode of angling at bottom, with a float, is with a caddis, which may be put upon the hook two or three at the same time; the caddis is sometimes advantageously joined to the worm, and occasionally even to an artificial fly, which should be placed upon the hook, so as merely

to cover its points; the finest kind of tackle must be used in this experiment, and it is generally reputed a very killing bait, for either trout or grayling, at all seasons of the year. It is moreover a very common method to angle with a caddis at the top of the water.—The caddis may be easily imitated by forming the head of the insect of black silk, and the body of yellow chamois leather. It must be remarked, however, that the trout will seldom or never rise at a caddis when the stream is impregnated with mud. J. W.

* * The Angler will conclude his labours in our next number, when he will lay before the readers of the Mirror, a Table of the fish usually angled for in the waters of Great Britain, with the places, seasons, time of day, depth from the ground, and baits suited to their habits.

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

My father left ten thousand pounds,
And will'd it all to me;
My friends, like sun-flies, flock'd
around,
As kind as kind could be.
This sent a buck, and that a hare,
And some the Lord knows what;
In short, I thought I could declare,
No man such friends had got.
They ate my mutton—drank my wine,
In truth, so kind were they,
That be the weather wet or fine,
They'd dine with me next day.
They came—and like the circling year,
The circling glass went round;
Till something whisper'd in my ear,
"Ah, poor ten thousand pound!"
"Pshaw! stuff!" cried I, "I'll hear
it not;
Besides, such friends are mine,
That what they have will be my lot,
So push about the wine!"
The glasses rung—the jest prevail'd,
'Twas summer every day!
Till, like a flower by blight assail'd,
My thousands dropt away.
Alas! and so many friends dropt off,
Like rose-leaves from the stem;
My fallen state but met their scoff,
And I no more saw them!
One friend, one honest friend remain'd,
When all the locusts flew,
One that ne'er shrunk, nor friendship
feign'd,
My faithful dog 'twas you!

UTOPIA.

SONNET.

THE RHINE VISITED.*

'Twas yet a dream!—The golden
light of day
Shone with so tranquil loveliness
around—
O'er the blue waters, cliffs, and ruins
grey,
There reign'd a thoughtful stillness
so profound,
All seem'd a vision that might fade
away—
A fleeting spell that magic art had
wound;—
No sunlight—'twas the moon, whose
lustre lay
So sweet and silent on that faery
ground!—
Then, if a breeze came floating through
the vale,
'Twas but the inspiring odorous balm
to bring
From groves now blooming in the
pride of spring;—
And if a voice rose, 'twas the night-
ingale,
Even ere the twilight hour, her che-
rish'd theme
Of love reviving.—All was yet a dream!

SONNET TO MISS A—J—,

On her saying that "Love was like an
April day."
True, lovely maiden, "like an April
day."
Aye sweetly varying heavenly love
appears,
For now behold 'tis beautifully gay;
Anon its loveliest smiles are changed
for tears.
Oh! where would be the beauty of
those rays
Which shine so brilliant, for one
short-lived hour,
Reminding Nature of her Eden days,
But that they glitter thro' the glad-
'ning shower?
And 'tis this rain and sun-shine that
hath power
To make our fair creation fairer
seem;
For doubly beautiful appears the flower
Surcharged with rain, on which the
golden beam
Falls sparkling. Thus, "like an April
day."
Love adds fresh charms to all that bow
'neath his enchanting sway.
Y. S.

* Vide Wordsworth's "Yarrow Un-
visited."

THE FORCE OF HABIT,

A TALE.

Habits are stubborn things—
And, by the time a man's turn'd of
forty,
His "*ruling passion's*" grown so
haughty,
There is no clipping off its wings.
The truth will best be shown,
By a familiar instance of our own.

—Dick Stripe

Was a dear friend and lover of the
pipe;
He often us'd to say,
"One pipe of Wishart's best,
Gave life a zest;
To him 'twas meat and drink, and phy-
sic,
To see the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume,
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as science metaphy-
sic!"

So still he smok'd, and drank,
And crack'd his joke—
And had he *single* tarried,
He might have smok'd
And still grown old in smoke,
But—Richard, married!
His wife was one who carried
The female virtues almost to a vice,
She was so *very nice*;
For, thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scour'd from top to toe!
And all the floors were rubb'd so
bright,
You dare not walk upright,
For fear of sliding—
But that, she took a pride in.

Of all things else, Rebecca Stripe
Could least endure a pipe,
She rail'd upon the filthy herb, *To-
bacco*;

Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoilt the best chintz curtains, and
the paper,
And cost her many pounds in stucco:
And then she quoted our King *James*,
who saith,
"Tobacco has the devil's breath."

When wives *will govern*, husbands
must obey;

For many-a-day
Dick mourn'd and miss'd his favourite
tobacco,
And curs'd—Rebecca.

At length the time did come, his wife
must die;

Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and
cousins,

Who, to her fun'ral flock'd by dozens:

The Undertaker, men, and mules,
 Stood at the gates in sable suits
 With mournful looks,
 Just like so many melancholy rooks !—
 Now cakes, and ale, and wine are
 handed round :

Folks sigh and drink—and drink and
 sigh,

For grief makes people dry !—

But, Dick is missing, no where to be
 found ;

Above, below, about,
 They search'd the house throughout,
 Each hole, and secret entry,

Quite from the garret to the pantry,
 In every corner, cupboard, nook, and
 shelf,

And all concluded, he had hang'd him-
 self !

At length they found him ; guess
 you where ;

"Twill make you stare,

Close by Rebecca's coffin ! ! at his rest,
 Smoking a pipe of *Wishart's best*.

THE LAPLAND MARMOT.

THE MUS LEMMUS OF LINNÆUS.—

This wonderful little animal is found only in the northern parts of Europe and Asia, and is sometimes seen in immense numbers, overspreading large tracts of countries, in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland. But as its appearance is at very uncertain periods, and the source from whence it is derived has not been hitherto exploded by any naturalist, its existence has been seriously attributed by superstitious ignorance, to the generation of clouds, from whence, it has been supposed, it was poured down in showers of rain. Myriads of them march together ; and, like a torrent which nothing can resist, their course is marked with ruin and desolation. Neither fire nor water prevents their progress. They go straight forward, in regular lines, about three feet asunder, and generally in a south-east direction: they swim across lakes and rivers: no opposition impedes them. If thousands are destroyed, thousands supply their places ; the void is quickly filled up ; and their number does not appear diminished. They persist in their course, in spite of every obstacle ; and if prevented from proceeding, they either by assiduity surmount it, or die in the attempt. Their march is mostly in the night. They rest during the day, and devour every root and vegetable they meet with. They infect the very herbage, and cattle are said to perish that feed upon the grass they have touched. An enemy so numerous

and destructive would soon render the countries they pass through utterly uninhabitable, did it not fortunately happen, that the same rapacity that excites them to lay waste, at last impels them to devour each other. Having nothing more to subsist on, they are said to separate into two armies, which engage with the most deadly hatred, and continue fighting and devouring each other till they are all entirely destroyed. Thousands of them have been found dead ; and the air infected by their putrid carcases, has sometimes been the occasion of malignant distempers. Great numbers are destroyed by foxes, lynxes, &c. in their march. It is somewhat less than the rat, and its flesh is said to be eaten by the Laplanders. Linnæus says they are produced among the Norwegian and Lapland Alps ; and Pontopidon supposes, that Kolen's Rock, which divides Nordland from Sweden, is their native place.

P. T. W.

STANZAS, FROM THE PERSIAN.

Fair one ! take this rose, and wreath
 it

In thy braided hair:

A brighter bloom will rest beneath it,

'Take this rose, my fair !

The flower, which late was seen to
 glow,

So lovely on that snowy brow,

Lov'd thy lip, and lightly shed

A dewy leaf of rosy red,

To blush for ever there.

Take thy lily, love ; and twine it

With thy waving hair:

'Twill gem the ringlets—why decline
 it ?

Take the flower, my fair !

And yet its leaflets, pure and pale,

In beauty, on thy brow will fail:

That brow attracts all eyes to thee,

And none will choose or chance to see,

The lily fading there !

++

ORIGIN OF NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Marcellus dates the origin to Tatius, King of the Sabines, who reigned in Rome jointly with Romulus, and who, taking as a good omen the present made him on the first of the year, of some branches of the wood sacred to Strenus, the Goddess of Strength, authorised the custom ; and the Romans, after that time, gave presents to their best friends on the renewal of the year.

ANDREW.

Autographs, with Biographical Notices.—No. II.

Marlborough
 Sam. Wolfe Wellington
 St. Vincent. Collingwood
 Nelson & Bronte

"I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her temper."—SHENSTONE.

JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

Was born at Ashe, in Devonshire, in 1650. He was the eldest son of Sir Winston Churchill, the representative of an ancient and honourable family in Dorsetshire. In 1666, he was made an Ensign in the Guards. In 1672, he went with the force under the Duke of Monmouth to the aid of the French, and was made a Captain in the Duke's own regiment. At the siege of Nimeguen, he distinguished himself so much, that he was taken notice of by the celebrated Marshal Turenne, who bestowed on him the name of the *handsome Englishman*. In 1673, he behaved so well at the siege of Maestricht, that the King of France made him a public acknowledgment of his services; and the Duke of Monmouth confessed that he owed his life to Churchill's bravery. After his return to England, he married, in 1681, Sarah, daughter, and co-heiress with her sister, the Countess of Tyrconnel, of Richard Jennings, Esq. of Sandrich, in Hertfordshire. The year following he was created Baron of Eymouth, in Scotland, and made Colonel of the third Guards. On the accession of James II., that Monarch, with whom he had always been a great favorite,

created him Baron Churchill, of Sandrich, in England, and appointed him Brigadier General of his Majesty's army in the west. On the landing of the Duke of Monmouth, General Churchill, by his personal vigilance and energy, was the principal means of putting the rebellion instantly down. James having afterwards evinced an intention of establishing the Catholic religion in Britain, Lord Churchill, notwithstanding the obligations he owed him, thought it his duty to abandon the Royal cause, and join the Prince of Orange, by whom he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and employed to remodel the army. In 1689, he was raised to the dignity of Earl of Marlborough, and soon after made Commander in Chief of the English forces sent over to Holland, where he laid the foundation of that fame which was soon afterwards spread all over Europe. On the accession of Queen Anne, he was elected into the Order of the Garter, declared Captain-General of all her Majesty's forces, and sent Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Holland. After several conferences about a war, he put himself at the head of the army, where all the other Generals had orders to obey him. His subsequent exploits in the field belong to the history of Britain. After his first campaign, he was created Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough, with a pen-

sion of 5,000*l.*, to devolve for ever upon those enjoying the title of Duke of Marlborough. On the victory of Blenheim, he received congratulatory letters from most of the Potentates of Europe, and was created by the Emperor of Germany Prince of Mildenheim. After the campaign of 1708, the Speaker of the House of Commons was sent to Brussels on purpose to compliment him. All his services, however, and all the honours conferred upon him, were not sufficient to preserve him from being disgraced. After the change of Ministry in 1710, his interest daily declined; and in 1712, he was removed from all his places. He then paid a visit to the continent, and returned to England on the day of the Queen's death. After being welcomed by the nobility and foreign ministers, he attended on King George I. on his public entry through London, who appointed him Captain-General, Colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards, and Master-General of the Ordnance. Some years before his death he retired from public business: he died June 16, 1722, at Windsor Lodge, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

Was born at Westerham, Kent, 1726. He signalised himself by his valour and military skill upon many occasions, and at length fell a victim to a most dangerous, but a glorious and successful enterprise, the conquest of Quebec, in 1759, aged 34, being slain at the decisive moment which assured victory to his troops. Roused from fainting in the last agonies by the sound of, "They run!" he eagerly asked, who ran? and being told, the French, and they were defeated, he said, "Then I thank God, I die contented;" and almost instantly expired. He was brought to England, and interred with all military honours in Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent monument is erected over his remains.

HORATIO, LORD NELSON.

Has been appropriately designated the "*Prince of Enterprize*," was born in 1758. His consummate skill and daring intrepidity advanced the naval superiority of the British nation to a height and splendour before unparalleled.—He was mortally wounded in the ever-glorious battle of Trafalgar, but his dying hours were cheered by the complete assurance of triumph, and the conscious satisfaction of knowing that "every man had done his duty." His body having been brought to England in his own ship, the *Victory*, was enclosed in a coffin

made out of the mast of L'Orient, which blew up in the Battle of the Nile; and being thence conveyed to Greenwich Hospital, was laid in state during three days. It was then removed in grand procession, by water, to the Admiralty, and on the following day, 9th January, 1806, was conveyed to St. Paul's, and there interred with all the honours which a sorrowing country could bestow. The ceremonial was concluded by the verse and chorus—"His body is buried in peace—But his name liveth evermore." The following appropriate Dirge produced on the occasion, is from the pen of John Mayne, Esq.

NELSON.—A DIRGE.

Saw ye the streets when NELSON died,
When his funeral train drew near—
The troops arrang'd on every side,
The people gazing in the rear?

I saw the streets when NELSON died!
When his funeral car drew near,
Not one brave heart but deeply sigh'd,
Not one fair cheek without a tear!

A nation's grief bedew'd his grave,
Devotion mourn'd him as her own;
For, in the battle, truly brave,
He fear'd th' Omnipotent alone!

O! how it sooth'd the Hero's shade,
Though weeping still at Trafalgar,
When in the grave his dust was laid,
With all the pride and pomp of war!

Entomb'd in yonder hallow'd fane,
With requiems due his ashes rest—
Archangels, with a solemn strain,
Enshrin'd his spirit with the blest!

NELSON! to men and angels dear,
Thy name shall never, never die!
Britain embalms it with a tear,
And Fame records it with a sigh.

CUTHBERT, LORD COLLINGWOOD.

The friend and companion in victory of Lord Nelson, was some years older, having been born in 1750. This brave Admiral, who was second in command to Lord Nelson in the battle of Trafalgar, and upon whom the entire command devolved after the death of that hero, had the hard fortune never again to see his native land, although he survived till the 10th of March, 1810. His remains have been also interred in St. Paul's, and honoured with a splendid monument.

JOHN JERVIS, EARL ST. VINCENT.

Was made a Post-Captain, April 10, 1786; Rear-Admiral of the Blue, Dec. 3, 1790; Vice-Admiral, April 12, 1794; Admiral, Feb. 14, 1799; and Admiral of the Fleet, July 19,

1821. His Lordship was also appointed General of the Royal Marines, May 7, 1814. When on gaining the victory from which he derived his title, it was proposed to raise Admiral Jervis to the Peerage, he wished to have the title of Earl of Plymouth, but he was told that it was thought a more honourable distinction would be to give him the name where he had gained his greatest triumph. "Well," said the gallant Admiral, "I cannot object to this; but the title of St. Vincent belongs to every officer and man in the fleet, as well as myself." His Lordship died on the 13th of March, 1823, at his country seat, at Rochetts, near Brentwood, at the very advanced age of 89.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

Deserves even a higher place than Marlborough, in the list of British Heroes, inasmuch as Waterloo is superior to Blenheim, in the advantages which it brought not only to his own country, but to all Europe—not only to all Europe, but to the whole world. Wellington has gone precisely through the same career of honours as Marlborough, but with greater rapidity; and presents the only instance in our history of a man who has been the architect of his own nobility, walking at once to a seat on the highest bench of the House of Peers.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MYSTIFICATION—THE WHITE PATIENT.

(Concluded from our last.)

The leading mystifier of Paris, immediately before the Revolution, was La Reyniere, the facetious author of the *Almanac des Gourmands*. His humour, however, partook largely of the peculiarities of his birth and education, being essentially *roturier*. His famous supper, which Grimm describes with such effect, though an expensive joke, exhibited rather the ostentation of the financier, than the refined thoughtlessness of expense, which accompanies a determination of paying no debts; as a mystification, it had no elevation or nobleness of character, and was indeed a mere *platitude*. Still worse was his joke of putting a cork hand on the hot stove of the opera, in order to seduce his neighbours into burning their fingers. These observations apply with great force to the cockney attempts at mystification annually played off on the

first of April; of which, as a correspondent in the New Monthly Magazine has already spoken at large, I shall only remark by the way, that pigeon's milk, one of the favourite engines of April foolery, is as old as Aristophanes.

To this train of reflection we were led by a mystification related in the letters of Mademoiselle Aïssé, which is the very sublime of the art, and "*marqué au bon coin*," by costliness to the mystifier, cruelty to the patient, and the total absence of all vulgar jocularity and humour. The story is as follows:—

In the reign of Louis XV. Isissé was the fashionable surgeon of Paris. One morning he received a note inviting him to attend in the *Rue Pot de fer*, near the Luxembourg, at six o'clock in the evening. This professional *rendezvous* he of course failed not to keep, when he was encountered by a man who brought him to the door of a house, at which the guide knocked. The door, as is usual in Paris, opened by a spring, moved from within the porter's lodge; and Isissé, when it again closed upon him, was surprised to find himself alone, and his conductor gone. After a short interval, however, the porter appeared, and desired him to mount "*au premier*." Obeying this order, he opened the door of an antechamber, which he found completely lined with white. A very handsomely dressed and well-appointed *lacquais*, white from head to foot, well powdered and frizzed, with a white bag to his hair, held two napkins, with which he insisted on wiping Isissé's shoes. The surgeon in vain observed, that having just left his carriage, his shoes were not dirty; the *lacquais* persisted, remarking that the house was too clean to allow of this operation being omitted. From the antechamber Isissé was shewn into a saloon hung like the antechamber with white, where a second *lacquais* repeated the ceremony of wiping the shoes, and passed him into a third apartment, in which the walls, floor, bed, tables, chairs, and every article of furniture were white. A tall figure, in a white nightcap and white morning gown, and covered with a white mask, was seated near the fire. As soon as this phantom perceived the surgeon, he cried in an hollow voice, "I have the devil in my body," and relapsed immediately into a profound silence, which he continued to observe during more than half an hour, that he amused himself in pulling on and off

six pair of white gloves, which lay on a table beside him. Issé was greatly alarmed at this extraordinary spectacle, and at his own reception; and his apprehension was not diminished on perceiving that fire arms were placed within the reach of the white spectre. His fears became at length so excessive, that he was compelled to sit down. By degrees, however, he gained sufficient courage to ask in a trembling voice, "what were Monsieur's commands," remarking, that "his time was not his own, but the public's, and that he had many appointments to keep." To this the white man only replied, in a dry, cold tone, "As long as you are well paid, what does it signify to you?" Another quarter of an hour's silence then ensued, when at last the spectre pulled a white bell-rope, and two white servants entered the room. He then called for bandages, and desired Issé to draw from him five pounds of blood. The surgeon, frightened still more by the enormous bloodletting thus enjoined him, asked in an anxious tone who had ordered the remedy? "Myself," was the short answer. In too great a trepidation to venture on the veins of the arm, Issé begged to bleed from the foot, and warm water was ordered for the operation. Meantime the phantom took off a pair of the finest white silk stockings, and then another, and then a third, and so on to the sixth pair, which discovered the most beautiful foot and ancle imaginable, and almost convinced Issé that his patient was a woman. The vein was opened; and at the second cup the phantom fainted. Issé therefore was proceeding to take off the mask, but he was eagerly prevented by the servants. The foot was bound up, and the white figure having recovered his senses, was put to bed; after which, the servants again left the room. Issé slowly advanced towards the fire, while he wiped his lancets; making many reflections within himself upon this strange adventure. All of a sudden, on raising his eyes, he perceived in the mirror over the chimney-piece, that the white figure was advancing towards him on tiptoes. His alarm became still more violent, when, with a single spring, the terrific spectre came close to his side. Instead, however, of offering violence, as his movement seemed to indicate, he merely took from the chimney five crowns and gave them to the surgeon, asking at the same time if he was satisfied. Issé, who would have made the same answer had he re-

ceived but three farthings, said that he was. "Well, then," said the spectre, "begone about your business." The poor surgeon did not wait for a second order, but retreated, or rather flew, as fast as his legs could carry him, from the room. The two servants who attended to light him out could not conceal their smiles; and Issé, unable longer to endure his situation, asked what was the meaning of this pleasantry? But their only reply was, "Are you not well paid? have you suffered any injury?" and so saying, they bowed him to his carriage. Issé was at first determined to say nothing of this adventure; but he found on the ensuing morning, that it was already the amusement of the court and city; and he no longer made any mystery of the matter. The "*mot d'enigme*," however, was never discovered, nor could any motive be imagined for the mystification, beyond the caprice and idleness of its unknown perpetrator.

It is somewhat remarkable that this adventure should, in its leading feature, bear a great resemblance to one that happened to a casual acquaintance of our own, and which, without being a mystification, had all the effect of one. This gentleman, a surgeon of much practice, residing in a sea-port village in Hampshire, was, one dark winter's night, about the "celebrated hour of twelve o'clock" (to borrow a phrase from a popular novel), called from his bed to visit a patient suddenly taken ill. "*Linquenda domus et placens uror*" never reads worse than in a cold frosty night; but the surgeon (like all other surgeons) comforted himself with the thought of the double *honorarium* "in that case provided;" and, huddling on his clothes as fast as he could, he descended in the dark to open the street-door. On again closing it behind him, and proceeding a few paces down the street, he felt himself suddenly seized by a vigorous grasp, while the muzzle of a pistol pressed hard against his breast. His interlocutor, wrapped in an immense cloak, in no very silver tones desired him to follow, and, as he valued his life, to proceed in silence. At the turning of the street a second man started forth from a projecting doorway, and in a low anxious whisper asked, "Have you got him?" "Got him," was the laconic reply, and the three passed on without farther speaking. Farther on another confederate joined them, and "Have you got him?" was repeated in the same

way, and produced the same brief half-suppressed "Got him" as before. Thus they proceeded to the outskirts of the village, where they met other men mounted, and holding led horses. "Have you got him?" cried the horse-men under less restraint, and therefore in a louder key. "Got him," more freely breathed the inflexible conductor; and placing the terrified surgeon on the saddle of one of the led steeds, he got up behind him, and the whole company scoured away over fields, heaths, and bogs, occasionally reconnoitred and joined by scrutinizing vedettes, after the accustomed "Have you got him?" had assured them that they *had* "got him," and that all was right. The poor man's anxiety, increasing at every step that led him farther from the "haunts of man," through ways which, though he perfectly knew the country, were still new to him, was now wound up to absolute despair; when suddenly the horsemen paused, and alighted at the door of a lone cottage, in which lay a wounded man stretched on a bed. The surgeon was dismounted and ordered to examine and dress the wound, and to prescribe directions for its management: which being done, the escort took to their horses again, and, replacing the surgeon behind old "Got him," returned in the same order and with the same precautions as before. Towards break of day they arrived at the town's end, where "Got him" having first paid the surgeon handsomely for his night's work, and threatened him with the severest vengeance if he spoke of this adventure, these "ugly customers" took their leave and departed. In this manner he was, afterwards, several times carried to visit his patient, till the convalescence of the sick man made his visits no longer necessary. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the parties were smugglers, who had had an engagement with the custom-house officers; and that the secrecy of their proceeding arose from the fear of the man's situation leading to detection.

It would be difficult for the malice of the most practised mystifier to have given more pain than was inflicted on our friend the surgeon by this combination of events, arising out of the "social system" of our sea-coasts; but, after all, nature and chance afford the outlines of our brightest inventions, and we are not to be surprised if they should sometimes succeed better than art in advancing them towards perfection.

Of all the mystifications with which man is acquainted, Voltaire thought life itself the greatest. "*Pourquoi*," he asks, "*existens-nous? pourquoi y a-t-il quelque chose?*" But whatever may be thought of life, the remark is just, as applied to society, which, from first to last, is one entire humbug. Lawyers, physicians, and divines, are mystifiers of the first order, and nothing can be a more thorough *mauvaise plaisanterie*, than the persuading men that there is honour in being shot at for sixpence per day. Virtual representation and the sinking fund every one gives up as humbugs, who has three grains of common sense. The Arts are altogether a mass of humbug, theatricals are gross humbugs, churchwardens are humbugs, county petitions are "farces" and humbugs, Whigs are humbugs, Tories are humbugs, and the Radicals themselves are humbugs also. Nay, is not love, divine love, too often a hoax? and woman, the bright oasis in the desert of life (to make use of an *original* image) a tormenting mystifier? Pleasure is a mystification that leads us on from scrape to scrape, and vanishes from our sight at the moment when it seems just with in our grasp. Cards and dice mystify us out of our money, wine does the same by our senses, and the tax-gatherer does both. Poetry is professedly a mystification, and friendship scarce a degree better. In short, whichever way we turn, all is one general mystification; and "nothing is but what is not." The shortest way, then, is to give in to the dupey with the best grace you can. "*Carpe diem*," eat, drink, read the New Monthly Magazine, and be merry. In all circumstances, whether of difficulty or of pleasure, take the thing for what it is worth; remembering that life does not come, like Christmas, "once a year," but only "once in a way;" and if the joke be a bad one, crying will not mend it. So, with this piece of comfort, which is, after all, as mere a mystification as the rest, for this time I have done; and in plain sincerity bid the reader heartily farewell!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves
and cells?

Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious
Main!

—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow
colour'd shells,

Bright things which gleam unreck'd-of,
and in vain.

—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy
sea!

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more!—
What wealth untold

Far down, and shining through their
stillness lies!

Thou hast the starry gems, the burn-
ing gold,

Won from ten thousand royal Argo-
sies.

—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and
wrathful Main!

Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more!—
Thy waves have roll'd

Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,

Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of re-
velry!

—Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scorn-
ful play,

Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths
have more!

High hearts and brave are gather'd to
thy breast!

They hear not now the booming waters
roar,

The battle-thunders will not break
their rest.

—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou
stormy grave—

Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those
for whom

The place was kept at board and hearth
so long;

The prayer went up through midnight's
breathless gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst
festal song!

Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers
o'erthrown,

—But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone
down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's
noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's
flowery crown;

—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore
the dead!

Earth shall reclaim her precious things
from thee,

—Restore the Dead, thou Sea!
Ibid.

THE MARRIAGE ACT OF OLYMPUS.

In those remote, forgotten times,
We never hear of but at college,
Yclept the golden age in rhymes,
Because of gold it had no knowledge;

When laws were few and lawyers none,
To give to simple words a sly sense,
A law there was—a solemn one,
No marriage without Cupid's licence.

How happy then was human life,
How worthy of a poet's blessing;
When all the days of man and wife
Were spent in loving and caressing!

And yet in time complaints were made,
For mortals ever will be grumbling;
“Brothers, beware,” a croaker said,
“The social edifice is tumbling;

“For marriage here so rare is grown,
We can't keep up our population.”
Malthus's book was then unknown,
So no one thought of refutation.

Indeed the counsel was well-meant,
Nor quite untrue—the world grew
vicious—

And Cupid never gave consent
To join the old and avaricious.

Then Jupiter, good easy God,
Framed a new Marriage Act to suit
us;

And gave, by his celestial nod,
Joint powers of licensing to Plutus.

But Love swore men should rue the day
They first shook off his sweet domi-
nion:

Now Love could do as well as say,
Nor spared his bow, nor flagg'd his
pinion.

To prove Sir Cupid kept his word,
Needs not, alas! my tedious rhym-
ing;

Flames of all sorts are now prefer'd
To that which comes from torch of
Hymen.

Ah! hapless days of human life,
Ah! days of wretchedness and fury!
When the *de facto* man and wife
Differ so much from the *de jure*.

Would we might olden times restore,
And call past ages with a wish up—
Marriage should flourish as of yore,
And Cupid be the sole Archbishop!

London Magazine.

Useful Domestic Hints.

BREWING.—For the benefit of those
who live in lodgings.—One peck of
malt, quarter of a pound of liquorice
root bruised, quarter of a pound of Spa-

nish liquoreice, half a pound of treacle, quarter of a pound of hops, two ounces of ginger. This will produce six gallons of good beer. In a week this liquor will be fit to drink, and perfectly pleasant and nutritious. A kettle that will contain two gallons and a half, is a sufficient substitute for a copper, a pail will serve as a mash-tub, and a washing-tub will prove an excellent vessel for the liquor to work in.

PROGNOSTICATIONS ON THE WEATHER.—Mr. Kirwan has laid down the following plan, from observations that have been made in England, during a period of 112 years; namely, 1677 to 1789, vide "*Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*," vol. v.—1. When no storm has either preceded or followed the vernal equinox, the succeeding summer is in general dry, or at least so, five times out of six. 2. If a storm happen from an easterly point, on the 19th, 20th, or 21st day of May, the ensuing summer will, four times in five, be also dry. The same event generally takes place if a storm arise on the 25th, 26th, or 27th days of March, in any point of the compass. 3. Should there be a storm, either at south-west, or at west-south-west, on the 19th, 20th, or the 19th, 20th, 21st, or 22nd of March, the following summer is wet five times out of six. In England, if the winters and springs be dry, they are mostly cold; but if moist, they are generally warm; on the contrary, dry summers and autumns are usually hot; as moist summers are cold. Thus, if the humidity and dryness of a particularly dry season be determined, a tolerably correct idea may be formed respecting its temperature. To these indications may be added the following maxims; which being the result of observations made by accurate inquirers, may so far be depended upon as they will afford a criterion of the mildness or severity, and of the dryness or moisture of future seasons. 2. A moist autumn, succeeded by a mild winter, is generally followed by a dry and cold spring; in consequence of which, vegetation is generally retarded. 2d. Should the summer be uncommonly wet, the succeeding winter will be severe; because the heat or warmth of the earth will be carried off by such unusual evaporation. Farther, wet summers are mostly attended with an increased quantity of fruit on the white-thorn and dog-rose; nay, the uncommon fruitfulness of these shrubs is considered as the presage of an intensely cold winter. 3. A severe winter is always indicated

by the appearance of cranes and other birds of passage, at an early period in autumn—because they never migrate southwards till the cold season has commenced in the northern regions. 4. If frequent showers fall in the month of September, it seldom rains in May, and the reverse. 5. On the other hand, when the wind often blows from the south-west, during either summer or autumn, when the air is unusually cold for the season, both to our sensations and by the thermometer; at the same time the mercury being low in the barometer: under these conditions a profuse fall of rain may be expected. 6. Great storms, rains, or other violent commotions of the clouds, produce a kind of crisis in the atmosphere; so that they are attended with a regular succession either of fine or bad weather for some months. Lastly, an unproductive year mostly succeeds a rainy winter; as a rough and cold autumn prognosticates a severe winter.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

THE HONEST CONFESSION.

A village Pastor, whose fat sheep
His office 'twas to shear and keep,
Had every comfort requisite;
When, on a day, from London came,
A Parson—very fond of game—
To pay his friend a country visit.

The forms perform'd of cleric life,
Vis.—"How are tithes?" and "how's
your wife?"

How are the birds?" and "many
hares?"

He took his seat, and took his fill,
And then—"Next Sunday, if you will,
I'll preach, and you shall read the
prayers?"

"Not so," the Rector said—"I've
vow'd
No stranger e'er shall be allow'd
To mount and occupy my stall—
If you preach better, 'twere a curse,
For I could preach no more;—if worse,
You never ought to preach at all!"

Oliver Cromwell was extremely irritable with respect to satirical writings. His connexion with Cardinal Mazarine was, for instance, lampooned in a pamphlet entitled, "Europe Crucified between Two Thieves." In vain Cromwell used his utmost endeavours to suppress such writings: they increased daily, and caused him many a restless night.

MY PILGRIMAGE.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy—immortal diet!
My bottle of salvation—
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
While my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of Heaven,
No other balm will here be given.

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains—
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a dry before,
But after that will thirst no more.

EDGAR.

GARRICK'S EPITAPH ON HOGARTH, IN
CHISWICK CHURCH-YARD.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart.

If genius fire thee, reader stay,
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

TAILOR'S WORK.—By a statement from a tailor, in Boston, it appears that there are 25,243 stitches in a coat, viz. basting, 762 stitches; in the edges of the coat, 5590 ditto; felling the edges, faces, &c., 7414 ditto; out of sight, in the pockets, &c., 1963 ditto; in the collar alone, 3056 ditto; seams, 5359 ditto; holes, 1450 ditto: the coat, he says, was made in two days journeyman's hours.

GROAN EXTRAORDINARY.—Sitting down in a strange barber's shop to be shaved—lathered with strong yellow soap—the brush as large as a painter's—barber sweeping his detestable brush over mouth and all, preventing any possibility of breathing, by stopping up your nostrils with the cursed soap suds. To conclude the whole, upon opening your mouth to remonstrate, receiving the said brush, and all its appendances, plump in your face.

James V. of Scotland was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks ve-

nial, if not respectable; since from his anxiety to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was popularly termed "Rex Piebeterum."

For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the far less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, "The Gaberlunzie Man," and "We'll gae nae mair a Roving," are said to have been founded upon some of his adventures, when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is, perhaps, the best comic song in any language.

Lord Lovat is said to have affirmed that a number of swords, which hung up in the hall of the mansion-house, leaped, of themselves, out of the scabbards at the moment he was born. The story passed current among his clan; but proved an unfortunate omen.

Sir Humphrey Davy, in a communication, made some few years ago to the Royal Society, states, that he is of opinion that falling stars are solid ignited masses, moving with great velocity, and are not gaseous meteors.

A gentleman happening to remark, one intensely hot evening two years back, that Parliament would soon be dissolved, a young lady immediately added, "*So shall we all, if this weather continues.*"

Queen Anne, wife of James I., had a wen on her neck, to cover which she wore a ruff; and, if we may credit tradition, that first began the fashion of wearing ruffs in England.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must again remind our Correspondents, that a deferred article is not necessarily rejected. Numerous communications have reached us, which we shall pass judgment on in our next. After-math in our next.

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